But for thy world enioying but this land,
Is it not more then ſhame to ſhame it ſo?
Land-lord of England art thou now not, nor King,
Thy ſtate of law is bond-ſlaue to the law,
And thou.

King. Ah lunatick leane-witted foole,
Preſuming on an Agues priuiledge,
Dareſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chaſing the Royall blood
With furie from his natiue reſidence.
Now by my Seates right Royall maieſtie
Wert thou not Brother to great *Edwards* ſonne,
This tongue that runnes ſo roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy vnreuerent ſhoulders.

Gaunt. Oh ſpare me not my brother *Edwards* ſonne,
For that I was his Father *Edwards* ſonne:
That blood already, like the Pellican,
Haſt thou tapt and drunkenly carowſt:
My Brother *Glocester*, plaine well meaning ſoule,
Whom faire befall in heauen mongſt happy ſoules,
May be a preſident and witneſſe good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling *Edwards* blood.
Ioyne with the preſent ſickneſſe that I haue,
And thy vnkindnes be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long withered flower.
Liue in thy ſhame, but die not ſhame with thee:
Theſe words heereafter, thy tormentors be:
Conuay me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue, that loue and honour haue.

Exit.

King. And let them die, that age and ſullens haue,
For both haſt thou, and both become the graue.

Yorke. I do beſeech your Maieſtie impute his words
To wayward ſicklineſſe and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holds you deere,
As *Harry* Duke of Herford, were he heere.

King. Right, you ſay true; as *Herfords* loue, ſo his:
As theirs, ſo mine, and be as it is.

North.